

The Daily Collegian

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Dean Gladfelter
Editor

Owen F. Landon
Business Mgr.

World Of Chaos

The young American entering college today faces a world of chaos and uncertainty which, in view of the Korean mess, might blow up in his face at any moment.

HE IS UNSURE OF HIS FUTURE and, whatever it might be, he doesn't look forward to it with a great deal of gusto. He knows that, should the Korean conflict explode into worldwide catastrophe, he very well might be yanked unceremoniously from his textbooks and have a rifle thrust into his hands.

There is little that the new Penn Stater can do about it save go ahead with his studies and hope for the best.

One thing that he can do, however, is to keep a cool head about him and refuse to be stampeded into an orgy of emotion. He will learn, as his outlook broadens with acquisition of more knowledge of the world through his studies, that no question ever is all black on one side and all white on another. He will come to realize that a great deal of thought and consideration of all viewpoints is necessary to build the same world we all would like to live in.

WAR ALWAYS BRINGS WITH it a wave of hysteria that causes the people to lose their reason and robs them of their chance to repair previous mistakes. It happened in the last war, as witness the intense hatred of the Japanese. From the kindly manner in which we are treating the people of Japan today, we can draw the conclusion that wartime hatreds never really mean much. But, by losing our sense of values in hysteria, we easily can lose the chance to frame a better world following the war.

It also might be well for the new student to observe closely what is going on in the world about him today—to attempt to learn the causes of the world's current troubles and to give some thought to what steps could be taken to prevent recurrence of those troubles. It is not the fault of the generation now in college that it must face a world of uncertainty and peril, but, by keeping a sane outlook, that generation ought to be able to lay foundations for helping to rectify later the mistakes and failures of previous generations.

New Crop Of Frosh

The new crop of freshmen, entering Nittany vale for the first time, probably view Penn State much the same as any group of high school graduates.

SOME OF THEM FIND IT pretty bewildering. Others are chagrined by the confusion which they are sure never beset any other class. Still others aren't thinking about the College so much as they are worrying about living away from home for the first time.

To all of these all we can say is that there isn't a thing to be done about it except wait it out and make your own adjustments. We could offer all sorts of advice, but you have already been attacked, harrassed and harangued so much that anything said here would be just added verbiage to be ignored.

Our basic problem here is somehow to put across the idea that the people here at Penn State are as proud to have you here as you are proud to be here.

For among your number are the future "wheels." Somewhere in this shapeless, formless crowd are All-College presidents, half-backs and fraternity officers as well as that huge group recognized solely as "among those being graduated."

MOST OF US HERE are reasonably proud of the College and the traditions which have been passed on to us. Oh, we do plenty of complaining, as you'll find out if you read the columns of letters to the editor. It seems that a good student, like a good soldier, is one who cares enough about his situation to throw plenty of gripes and moans around.

A Collegian editorialist of 1924 expressed it well when he said:

"The freshman comes here with a definite purpose in mind; that of securing an education. At the same time he pledges himself to uphold Penn State ideals and traditions, and he cannot break his pledge. He must harbor within him no false impression of college life, and he must strive to learn as speedily as possible what Penn State is and for what it stands."

WE HOPE THE MEN and women of the Class of 1954 will accept the challenge in good faith.

—Herbert Stein

Welcome

For the first time since 1947, classes are re-summing with a full-time, full-fledged president to guide Penn State's fortunes.

ONCE AGAIN A MAN is occupying the gray stone house between Main Engineering and Electrical Engineering to whom all can look for the coordinated direction which has been lacking since "Prexy" Ralph Dorn Hetzel died Oct. 3, 1947.

It is with deep satisfaction that we welcome to Pennsylvania and to Penn State — Dr. Milton S. Eisenhower.

Dr. Eisenhower's task will not be an easy one. He is taking over leadership of the College at a time when this institution still is engaged in the greatest period of expansion in its history.

ALTHOUGH THE VETERAN enrollment is declining rapidly, there is every indication in the size of the freshmen class on campus and at the centers, and the list of those waiting to become freshmen, that the student body will remain as large as it now is.

This means that an ever-widening program will be necessary not only to provide facilities for those now in attendance, but also to replace the temporary structures rushed to completion in and following the war.

Dr. Eisenhower's task also will be a difficult one in that the man he replaces was one of the most revered presidents ever to preside at the College.

During Dr. Hetzel's term of office beginning in January, 1927, the College survived a boom, a depression and World War II. Under him, the College expanded to a record student body of 11,000, riding on a wave of GI enrollments. Annual expenditures jumped to \$2,000,000. Strong student government flourished as one of his prime accomplishments.

THE TITLE "PREXY" by which he was known to all students was not given to him as a matter of course. Shortly after the announcement of his appointment by the trustees, the Collegian published an editorial which said that the trustees could confer the title of president on the newcomer, but the students would reserve conferring their title of "Prexy" on him until they felt he had earned it.

Dr. Hetzel replied to the editorial that he gladly would accept the student's challenge. One evening in May of the Spring, he came here, and there was greeted by a gathering of students who overflowed on the porch and lawn. Student leaders conferred upon him the title of "Prexy" amid applause and cheering.

In later years, Dr. Hetzel always held that he valued the title more than any of the degrees he had garnered.

Dr. Eisenhower, like Dr. Hetzel, comes to Penn State from the presidency of another large college. His achievements at Kansas State, in the Department of Agriculture, and in the Office of War Information are numerous and impressive. He was noted in Kansas for his "open door" policy of keeping in direct contact with as many students as possible.

IT IS OUR PLEASURE, therefore, to extend to Dr. Eisenhower, for ourselves, the students, and the faculty, a hearty vote of confidence in his ability to carry on a fine tradition.

—Herbert Stein

Grid Hopes Low

As the football season approaches, it seems only too apparent that the 1950 campaign does not hold too much in store for Penn Staters. Although we doubt that the picture is as dark as some would have it, the possibility is strong that Penn State will lose more games than it will win in 1950.

Bereft of 19 out of the first 22 men of a team which won 5 and lost 4 last year, the Lions face a rough season. Coach Rip Engle is confronted by a particularly arduous task in his first season in the Nittany Valley, in that not only must he work with a green squad, but must also introduce the team to the intricacies of the winged-T.

IN VIEW OF ALL THIS, IT CAN ONLY BE EXPECTED that 1950 will be a rough season for the Lions. It will be a season of "blood, sweat, and tears." The football squad will do all of the bleeding and sweating—and none of the crying. The crying, we expect, will come from those smugly seated in the protection of the grandstand chanting "Beat Bucknell!" as one opponent or another rolls up the score. We hope, however, that Penn State will never again be humiliated by thrashing Bucknell or any other set-up.

We hope that the selection of Rip Engle as football coach is an indication that Penn State is big-time football. We have confidence in Engle's ability to bring Penn State back to the top of the gridiron heap. His record proves he has the ability to do the job. And he will do the job—if he gets the proper cooperation from the administration, the students, and the alumni.

In the meantime, patience and humility are two qualities Penn Staters will do well to acquire in the next few years. We will need the humility, for we are destined to take many a bad beating, while the patience will help us await the day we will return to the position of football prominence we enjoyed in 1947 and 1948.

—Marv Krasnansky

STAFF THIS ISSUE

Editorial—Dean Gladfelter, Stan Degler, Ray Kochler, John Ashbrook, Ernie Moore, Paul Poorman, George Glazer, Marv Krasnansky, Jack Garretson-Butt, Shirley Austin Jo Reist, Jo Reist.

Business—Owen Landon, Tom Karolcik, Hugo Mandes, Hal Wollin, Ed Singel, Jerry Yeager, Ed Noyes.

Little Man On Campus

by Bibler



"Thanks, Alice, for filling my classes—better run over to Miss Snerf's desk, she's been asking for you."

Pro And Con

By Stan Degler

Well here you are at Penn State. And if you aren't just a little confused yet, you probably will be in a few days. But cheer up, there are several thousand others like you.

Maybe you are one of 1500 freshmen lucky enough to be on campus this year. Or perhaps you're glad to be here after a year in a cooperating college or one of Penn State's centers. If you came from some other college, you probably are as bewildered and alone as anyone, for your companions have seen some few familiar faces in the throng, at least.

IN THE MONTHS TO COME you will be finding personal answers to some questions about the College. What does Penn State have to offer me? Did I choose correctly when I decided to come here? Am I taking advantage of the opportunities I have here? And other questions suitable to your individual problems.

No matter what your answers, you will come to recognize that a large institution such as this college has some significant advantages. In the large and varied program of courses you probably can find your interest, whether it be fly-casting or foundry work, Greek or child development. In addition, the College provides many services such as the speech and psychology clinics, series such as the Priestley lectures and the Liberal Arts lectures which small colleges cannot match.

In the field of extra-curricular activities there is a corresponding bigness. You name it, and there probably is an organized group of people at Penn State interested in the same thing: Want to try lacrosse? Play in a symphony orchestra? Practice your German? Meet foreign students? Argue philosophy? Fly a plane? You can do those things at Penn State.

IN SHORT, PENN STATE IS BIG enough to provide innumerable opportunities out of reach of the Podunks and Siwasches of the country. But bigness has some disadvantages too. Some of you will be griping about the boy-girl ratio, the dining halls, and the impersonality of life here. Student-student and student-faculty relationships are not as close as at DuBois center or California State Teacher's college.

But you will be making life-long friends in your dorms, fraternities, classes, and clubs. Some of your professors will be merely a lulling voice from the front of the room, but others will be stimulating persons who will exert a lasting influence upon you.

The Rains Came

Last year, it rained during registration week, The Board of Control, which has to approve your schedule, was located in the Armory. They got confused and the students got confused, and pretty soon the Armory was jammed to the walls with confused people who pushed and shoved each other rushing from places they hadn't wanted to be to places they didn't want to go.

A small group in a corner was later found to be a group of College yard men who had come in out of the rain. They were apprehended when a Campus Cop discovered that they weren't pushing anybody at all and weren't rushing anywhere.

Standing miserably outside in the rain, the rest of the jolly Penn State student body cursed and swore and waved unapproved schedules in the air until they looked like the French storming the Bastille. When a Campus Cop ventured out into the storm to bring them words of good cheer, they threw him on the ground and trampled his prostrate body until nothing was left but his badge and his big, big smile.

Two days later after everyone had learned to hate, and just as the sun finally emerged from behind the clouds, the last student was processed. So remember, during the semester it's the movies and pubs for fun. But now for the first couple of days, rely on the Board of Control.

—Jack Garretson-Butt